

The Liberalist

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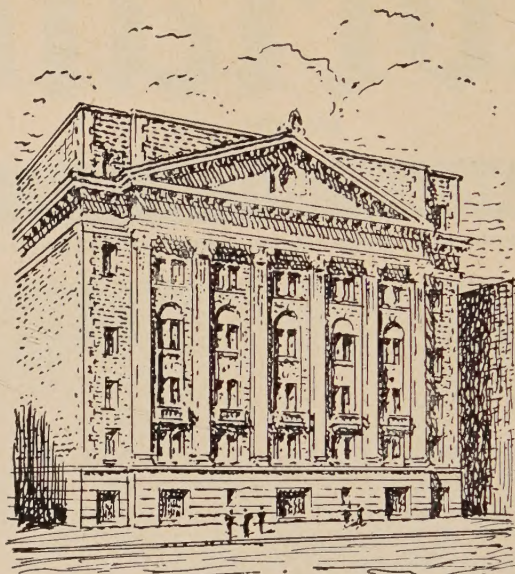
Number 12

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



All the ways that lead to Somewhere
Echo with the hurrying feet
Of the Struggling and the Striving,
But the way I find so sweet

Bids me dream and bids me linger—
Joy and Beauty are its goal;
On the path that leads to Nowhere
I have sometimes found my soul.
—Corinne Roosevelt Robinson



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

WHEN one has lived a long time and has seen the developments which have come in transportation and communication one has a deeper appreciation of what they mean. I have lived long enough to have seen all the inventions which have revolutionized the life of mankind. I remember the first electric light in our little village, the first telephone, the first automobile and the first moving picture. It is almost impossible to make anyone realize what it was like before all these modern things came into existence. This was brought forcibly to my mind when, the other day, I finished my television program on WGN-TV Channel 9 at 1:00 o'clock and at 1:55 was at the Airport in an American Airlines plane and at 4:00 o'clock that afternoon was on the chapel platform, speaking to the student body of Monticello College, near St. Louis, Missouri. At 6:30 I was addressing the Annual Banquet of the Woman's Club in Jerseyville, Illinois. In the early morning I was back in my own home. Fifty years ago if anyone had said this would be possible, he would have been considered a subject for an insane institution. As I looked down upon the State of Illinois from a mile high in the sky and saw the farms like a checkerboard beneath me, the highways winding like delicate ribbons, while the Illinois River and the Mississippi seemed like rivulets, I thought how much perspective had to do with one's conception of reality.

I had looked forward to speaking to the Jerseyville Woman's Club Banquet, because it is the home club of Mrs. Theodore Chapman, who will be

the next President of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, an organization to which millions of women in this country belong. Mrs. Chapman had made all the arrangements for my appearance there, but the very day on which I arrived in St. Louis she left by plane for Brazil with a committee which had been appointed to investigate the coffee situation in Brazil. I was denied renewing my friendship with her, but the expressions of appreciation for her and her work in her own club and state indicated the high esteem in which she is held.

The National Federation of Woman's Clubs meets in Denver this spring and Mrs. Chapman is unopposed in the nominating committee for the presidency. For a woman from a pastoral community and a comparatively small woman's club to have gone all the way to the top of a great national organization is a great comment on her ability as a leader and the imprint of her personality upon the women of this country. I had other evidence of her influence, in her position as President of the Chautauqua Summer Woman's Club, located in Chautauqua, New York, when I had the opportunity last year of speaking at the Chautauqua and again experiencing the impact of her personality.

The great leadership which the National Federation has had under Mrs. Ahlgren, from Indiana, for whom I spoke at Constitution Hall, in Washington, D.C., convinces me that the Federation of Woman's Clubs in this country is one of the most powerful factors for the creation of public opinion and in stimulating interest in proj-

ects for the betterment of the country, and is almost unsurpassed by any other group. In many ways the most vital influence and helpful organization in our own church is our Woman's Club. Our club became a federated club, uniting with the Ninth District of Chicago and the State Federation and the National Federation some years ago. I have seen many women in our club develop qualities of leadership which they carried on into other spheres of activity which I am sure never would have materialized without the experiences which they had in our own Woman's Club.

Many years ago, when I first started speaking at Women's Clubs, the entertainment feature on the programs was emphasized much more than it is today. Whenever I appear before a Woman's Club I always ask to see the program of their year's work. I have noticed in these last years that they are much more interested in a serious, constructive and creative interpretation of the problems of the nation and the world than in years past. I know of no more alert or sensitive group concerning our problems of today than these women's organizations which cover our entire nation. Mechanical inventions for the home have decreased much of the drudgery of wives and mothers, giving women more time than ever in our history. Many women improve this time to take an interest in community activities and in movements in our society working for better conditions. For a woman or a man in this age to fritter away their energies and their time in non-essential and unimportant activities is a tragedy. There must be a place in every well-balanced life for a certain amount of recreation, fellowship, and what we think of as a good time. I would be the last to not recognize this. But to waste time and fritter it away over

the frivolous and transitory things is to be derelict in one's duty and responsibility toward life.

* * *

There is an old saying which says that "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." This is what has happened to me. This year I had planned to take my traditional two weeks' rest before Easter rather than after Easter. For many years I have been out of our pulpit for two weeks following the strenuous winter and the fourteen sermons which I preach during Holy Week. June and I talked it over in early winter and decided that it would be better to go away for two weeks before the beginning of the Lenten Season rather than after Easter. Plans were made, reservations were secured and I expected to leave Chicago on February 15th for New Orleans, from which city I was to sail for Panama and Guatemala. I never rest any better than I do when on a ship and I planned to get on a little ship in New Orleans, put on some comfortable sports clothes and just rest for eleven days at sea: —no telephones, no speeches, no sermons, no broadcasts, no mail—just rest!

After these plans were all made, I was urged, somewhat against my will, by the management of radio station WGN and television station WGN-TV, to accept some radio and television engagements which would run daily straight through until June 15th. I weighed the matter for several days and finally decided that there was a responsibility which I had in trying to contribute whatever I could to the encouragement and inspiration of people in these crucial days, so I agreed to accept the radio opportunity and TV as well. This means that twice every weekday I am trying to bring encouraging words, inspiring thoughts,

to those who honor me by listening and viewing.

Before I accepted the radio position I had already made arrangements for our pulpit to be filled and the book lectures to be given by the Reverend Waldemar Argow, minister of The Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I felt it would be decidedly unfair for me to change those arrangements so I accepted an invitation from the Community Church of New York, where Dr. John Haynes Holmes had his distinguished ministry and where the minister is now the Reverend Donald Harrington, a most worthy successor to Dr. Holmes. Then Dr. Richard Evans, pastor of the Presbyterian Labor Temple in New York City and President of the World Parliament of Religions, invited me to give an address in New York on the evening of the Sunday I am appearing in Community Church, as that Sunday is the beginning of Brotherhood Week throughout the nation. I accepted his invitation and, because I am writing these words on the 16th day of February, it is too early for me to tell you about my New York experiences. The next Sunday, February 28th, I am to speak in the First Unitarian Church in New Orleans, for my friend and colleague, the Reverend Albert D'Orlando. I shall keep all of my radio and television commitments in the week, and will make all of my other engagements by plane or train. So it goes, in a busy minister's life.

I hope that with the closing of church for the summer on June 13th, and my radio activity on June 15th, I shall be able to get some rest and recuperation on our little Island in northern Minnesota. It is too early for me to tell you about the summer plans, but I have already received an invitation from Principal Sidney Spencer, of Manchester College, of Oxford,

England, to preach in Oxford sometime during the summer, but these plans are still in the indefinite stage. I am more grateful than any words which I know could express for the good health and continuing strength which I have as the years are added to my life.

* * *

During my entire ministry, whenever any good thing has happened to me or any honor has come my way, my first impulse is always to share it with those who are dear and the nearest to me, and then with my church. I have always felt that whenever I am the recipient of recognition of any kind that it is meant for my church as much as for me. I never would have had the position which I have, had it not been for our church. The patience of those who help the church and who have worked in it over the years has been a great stabilizing factor in my own work.

When I received an invitation from Dr. Lloyd Morey, President of the University of Illinois, asking if I would serve on the Advisory Committee of our great university, I felt that a great honor had been conferred upon not only myself, but the church. This committee, which is composed of a selected group from the State of Illinois, meets and discusses projects, plans, and problems of our State University, hoping by their advice and conference to be of some assistance in the work of the university. Our universities and colleges, like our churches and ministers, have had to face unusual pressure and vicissitudes in the past few years, and have been the recipients of much criticism, condemnation and faultfinding on the part of many. On the whole, most of the universities and colleges, churches and ministers have held firmly to the basic ideals and purposes of education and religion, neither

one of which would ever function effectively if controlled or regulated by fanaticism, dogmatism or false accusation. The object of the university is to make available truth wherever it can be found and then fearlessly and courageously to present the students with an opportunity to weigh, analyze and appraise truth.

It is the business of the church and the minister to stand unafraid and proclaim the basic fundamentals of brotherhood, of understanding and comity, as the only basis of peace. Civilization can be preserved and projected in no other way.

* * *

I have known many tragic personalities through the years, but one of the most tragic men I have ever known was Maxwell Bodenheim. Many years ago Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg, Llewellyn Jones, Harry Hanson, Vincent Starrett and many others constituted the literary life of Chicago. Maxwell Bodenheim, then a very young man, gave promise of being one of the major voices of poetry and of literature in our country. I knew him in those days. Few people I have ever read or known could do with words what Maxwell Bodenheim could do. He did not use the unusual words or unusual phrases, but the tapestry he could weave with commonplace words, in capturing an emotion or projecting a poetic idea bordered true genius. And now it all ended in a ghastly tragedy, in a cheap Greenwich Village room, meeting his death while in a drunken stupor, his wife dying beside him, both allegedly murdered.

I saw him last year when he was here in Chicago at a meeting of the Midland Society of authors. It did not seem possible that life could do to one personality what it had done to him, in the years since I first met him. The blurred and bloodshot eyes, the scrag-

gly, unkempt hair, the emaciated, trembling hands, the almost fiendish leer upon his face, all bespeaking the tragedy. The only remnant of his intellectual and artistic capacity was revealed pathetically on his lined brow. A mind capable of finding beauty, had become so saturated with vulgarity and sensualism, which had crept into his novels, and was intimated in his poetry, that these had demanded the inevitable penalty.

There are one or two of his poems which all of the better anthologies of the last few years have included and these flashes of his creative genius will be the only remnants of what might have been a great literary contribution. He was a twisted and tortured soul from the beginning, egoistic beyond description, susceptible to the flattery of people unworthy to loosen his shoes, but who, by their insidious and devouring relationships brought him increasingly down to the lower levels of life.

Ben Hecht, who once wrote a novel using Max Bodenheim as the main character, was one of his earliest friends in the Chicago scene, and Max Bodenheim rests in the wooden shroud of the dead, escaping an unmarked grave in a potter's field because of an old friendship which the tragic years which came on were not able to eradicate completely.

* * *

I have worked hard in preparing a series of sermons which I plan to preach during the Lenten season. I have called the series "A Free Religious Faith For Our Time." They will all be inter-related and I hope that you will plan to hear as many of them as possible. I am going to use them as the basis of a new book which is being planned for publication prior to the Christmas season next winter. I am going to make them just as helpful

and encouraging and creative as I can. They will deal with the fundamental faculty possessed to a greater or less degree by every person, for there isn't a single one of us who doesn't have some degree of faith. The creative power of this and its transforming effect upon the individual life is tremendous. You will discover this if you analyze your own life.

I am looking forward to the Lenten Season in our church: to the services in the church, the book lectures, the noon services, when I will preach in the Erlanger Theatre in Chicago's loop, the evening services in the church every night during Holy Week. I am going to try this year as never before to make them the most vital we have ever had together.

In the liturgical churches the Lenten Season is always emphasized and is always a period of self-denial. I never could understand why in the Liberal Churches and with those which have no definite orthodoxy, dogma or creed, they should deny themselves at this time the self-examination and spiritual illumination of the Lenten Season. The liberal Christian, the unorthodox Christian and the fundamentalist Christian basically are amenable to the same spiritual technique. No matter what the character of your religious loyalties or denominational enthusiasms, every individual needs the help which spiritual contemplation, dedication and consecration brings to a life. The Lenten Season belongs as much to every human soul as it does to Roman Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Lutherans or any other designation of Christianity.

There is a technique of spiritual culture. Without the disciplining necessary to strength, none of us can function at our highest. It is a good thing for each of us to set apart a period of time in which we open up the windows

of our minds and our souls to the infiltration of spiritual values. Just as the athlete trains his body and exercises his muscles in order to create strength so the spiritual man must utilize the same process in developing vital spiritual strength.

* * *

I am very grateful for the many letters and comments which have come to me from the work we try to do with our Liberalist. All of us who have anything to do with bringing it to you take our task seriously and we work hard. The Editorials, the Mail Bag, the Sermons are all presented and preserved in our church magazine. We have had many encouraging letters. Our magazine is very unpretentious. We make no claims for producing a literary masterpiece, but we do want it to reflect the vitality and life of our work. And so, to every reader, every subscriber, all who tell their friends about our work, we are always inexpressibly grateful.



Resurrection

I dug a hole and buried in the soil
 A dry brown thing, and set a stone, one
 day,
 As one would mark a grave. But soon turmoil
 Stirred the damp earth and pushed my
 stone away.
 Green fronds peeped from the place and
 sought the light;
 A close-sheathed bud unfolded in warm
 rain,
 Became a velvet lily, angel-white.
 Who can believe we do not live again?

NINA WILLIS WALTER

Dr. Bradley's Sunday Morning Sermons for the Lenten Season

In The Peoples Church of Chicago

General Theme: "A Free Religious Faith For Our Time"

March 7—"The Creative Power of Faith"

March 14—"For Those Who Have Lost Faith"

March 21—"The Cultivation of Faith"

March 28—"Faith and Reason in Religion"

April 4—"How Faith Solves Problems"

April 11—PALM SUNDAY—"Faith and the Multitude"

April 18—EASTER—"The Triumph of Faith"

April 25—"Faith Controls Destiny"

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES

FOR THE LENTEN SEASON

March 3—"The God in You"-----Kermit Eby

March 10—"Education Into Religion"-----A. Victor Murray

March 17—"The Recovery of Family Life"-----Elton and
Pauline Trueblood

March 24—"Religion for the Hardheaded"---Alice Franklin Bryant

March 31—"The Kingdom of God"-----John Bright

April 7—"Upper Room on Main Street"-----Harold B. Walker

April 14—Holy Week Service in the Church

April 21—"Five Major Religions of the World"

(Encyclopedia Britannica's color movie with
sound, followed by an address by Dr. Bradley
on these religions)

"ARE YOU A THERMOMETER OR A THERMOSTAT?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, January 31, 1954

WITH the service this morning we come to the conclusion of the series which I have been giving on meeting the questions and the problems of life. I am very appreciative of your attendance and your interest.

We finish today with our final question: ARE YOU A THERMOMETER OR ARE YOU A THERMOSTAT? Now I don't think I have to spend any time with an intelligent congregation like this, defining a thermometer or a thermostat! We're all familiar with each. A thermostat is lots younger than a thermometer. We had thermometers before we had thermostats—and we had thermometer-like people before we had thermostat-like people too, perhaps! But the thermometer, as you know, is just a little instrument filled with mercury that tells us the degree of the temperature! It tells it with a great deal more accuracy than the weather prophets in the Chicago area, who frightened everybody to death last night, up until midnight, by telling them it was going to be five degrees above or below zero this morning! And everybody went to bed saying: "Well, we can't go to church tomorrow or we'll freeze to death, so we'll stay home!" But here we have one of the nicest Sundays that we've had all winter. It's simply a lovely, beautiful Sunday with the sunshine itself predicating the glory and the beauty of the Spring which is just ahead of us. Well, a thermometer just tells the temperature, but a ther-

mostat doesn't tell temperature at all—a thermostat regulates it! And I thought that somewhere between a thermometer and a thermostat we could find a few practical things for us to think about and perhaps inspire us a little bit on this winter Sunday morning!

Of course, it all involves, as it always does, this whole general question of life—the thing that you and I are living and are a part of! We are expressing our personalities in this picture of life every hour and every second of the time! Do we just want to be the kind of person who *tells* the temperature in which we live, or do we want to be the kind of person who can *regulate* the temperature in which we live?

Now, no matter what life does to us; no matter what our experiences are; no matter what tragedies and heartaches come into our lives; no matter what frustrations we have; no matter how we find ourselves involved and entangled and all enmeshed with difficulties, many of which are not of our own creation, there are three attitudes for us to take!

The first attitude is the attitude of revolt—the attitude of rebellion! "I'm going to rebel against these things! I was not entitled to them! I'm not entitled to be the recipient of these things that are happening to me!" And so we enter into a revolt, and we rebel against them! And we make them highly objective in our attack upon them, as we revolt and rebel against

the circumstances of life in which we find ourselves!

There isn't very much to be said for that attitude, because when the concentration on our own condition and the creation of the attitude of revolt destroys our own spiritual vitality there comes a time when objectivity, improperly directed, is really self-destructive! And the first thing we know, if we take the situation, concretely and objectively, before us and we constantly harp upon it and say: "I'm not entitled to this; this shouldn't have come to me! I'm going to rebel against it; I'm going to revolt against it!", we are destroying some necessary vitality of our own, and instead of helping to solve the situation our active revolt against the situation only deepens it! That is why we frequently hear a great many people say: "The more I fight trouble, the more I get into trouble!", which is absolutely true! And the more we objectify our problems by revolt and rebellion against those problems, the deeper hold those problems will get upon us, until the first thing we know we haven't developed a sense of perspective and a sense of values, or a norm about things, so that we can begin to apply reason to our problems and arrive at their solution!

We can't solve a problem of life when we are tyrannized by the problem! When we are swept off our feet in active rebellion or revolt against a situation, we are constantly alienating ourselves from a solution of the situation! And that's a very difficult technique for a lot of people to learn who are having difficulty with life! The problem seems so acute and it seems so important and it seems so, at times, unnecessary, that we're devitalizing our own required energy to solve the problem, and therefore we deepen the problem rather than solve it! So don't

merely attempt to meet life by being just a thermometer who *registers* a certain problem, and in the registering of the problem is unable to do anything *about* the environment in which the thermometer itself operates!

Then there is the second attitude, and this is the attitude that a great many people take! It is the attitude of *submitting* to the problem or the trouble! Submission! One revolts; another submits! And they're the kind of people, you know, who will fold their hands and sit down in the presence of some great trouble and say: "Well, the Lord sent it; there's nothing I can do about it! I'll just make the best of it!"—and they submit! Now I don't think submission is the answer to a person's problems! When life has been pretty cruel and pretty difficult and pretty hard and things have gone badly, I don't think it's any solution at all to just sit down and submit to it! That's the Pollyanna attitude—and I don't like Pollyanna thinking, and I don't like Pollyanna attitudes! You know, the Pollyanna attitude toward the problems of life is to "Grin and Bear It!" and sort of say: "Well, trouble has come my way at last! I missed it for a long time, but at last it's here!"—and so we sit down and say to ourselves: "Now I'm just going to submit to it! I'll just accept it!"

I don't think anybody ought to *accept* trouble—for I don't think that trouble is a reality that anyone is entitled to, or something that is to be made a part of themselves! To merely submit to trouble is no solution at all! And if we just stand by and submit to trouble we will weaken our own stamina! People who submit to things are usually people who have little character! They are people who take that frightfully tragic way of "the easiest way out"! And "the easiest way out" is frequently "the way in" to

more trouble! Just as there are people who think that they can solve trouble by running away from it—submission is a form of running away from trouble!

Now don't you ever try to run away from trouble! I speak from experience! I've had as much of it as anybody in this church; and I've had as much of the tragedy of life, that I've had to face and meet, as anyone in this church! And if you try to run away from trouble, you'll get into more trouble—because you *never* will be able to run faster than trouble! Trouble can run faster than anything you ever heard of—and it'll catch up with you *every time*! Don't think you can outrun trouble! You never can run away from trouble—you *can't run fast enough*! Trouble will always catch up with you! It always can outrun you! So we're not going to solve anything by just submitting, are we? Of course, it's rather attractive to some people to be the type of person who says: "Well, I don't get excited about anything! I just take whatever comes! I believe in a sort of fatalism—if it's for me, it's for me!" I had a person tell me that the other day! In a frightful mess! They were in a terrible mess! And they said: "Well, I guess this is for me!" What rot! Trouble is never for anyone—it isn't a designed pattern at all! Trouble is an anarchistic vice; trouble is something that doesn't belong to anybody, in that sense of which I am speaking—and so they submit to it!

Well now, submission is no solution! There is another way, as I see it, in this problem of refusing to be a thermometer and trying to be a thermostat—because that, you know, *regulates* things. You can set a thermostat at 70, and the old thermostat will see that the temperature remains there! That's the business of a thermostat!

If you're like a thermometer, you've just got to *register* what they give you; but if you're a thermostat, you *control* the situation yourself! And that's why I think you can divide everybody into two kinds—they're either a thermometer or else they're a thermostat!

The thing that I wanted to do this morning was for each one of us to decide which one we are! Now there's something besides revolt and rebellion and acceptance and submission, and it is something that builds strength of character! We can *accept* our situation and *use* that situation to our own well-being and to the advancement of society! That's what the great personalities of history have always done! When I think of the great fundamental scientist and physicist, Dr. Steinmetz, a little bit of a crippled personality, a body so deformed that it must have been a *triumph* for him to overcome the trouble which he carried through life! Dr. Steinmetz *accepted* what was his, yet he never permitted that to stand in the way of his own personality, his intellectual and spiritual development.

As we heard these lovely songs of Mendelssohn this morning I thought of the great creative composer and artist Beethoven! There was a man stricken deaf—couldn't hear a sound! And *after* his deafness, gave the world Beethoven's Ninth Symphony²—and Beethoven never heard a note of the Ninth Symphony with his physical ears! Beethoven's ears were attuned to the Divine melodies of the Infinite! He heard sounds of beauty that he could not even crystallize into notes, and could write notes that no instrument yet designed could possibly interpret!

Did Mendelssohn and Beethoven and the great Handel, with his blindness, submit? Mrs. Bradley and I visited that great church in Dublin

this last summer and I sat at the organ where Handel performed the very first public presentation of the Messiah, and as I sat there I thought: "Eyes that could not see—blind—but he *utilized* that blindness into the triumph of his great creativeness!" You see what I mean now? Beethoven, deaf—and the Ninth Symphony! Steinmetz, a cripple—but the great mind went on and on! Why do we let life, through mere rebellion and revolt, or submission to life get the best of us? I *refuse* to submit to life! I don't think any of us should submit to life, nor tolerate, nor acquiesce! We should use every experience of life as a building process to something more beautiful and more substantial!

Only this morning I read again the

beautiful story of that interesting personality, Harold Russell, that young man who, in the midst of that tragic moment of war had both his hands shot away! And in the hospital as he sat looking at the bandaged stumps that were once two hands, he said to himself: "I'm not going to submit to this! I'm not going to revolt about it! I'm going to make my life count!" And he came out of that with the invention of those great hooks and hands and fingers, which put him in the movies! And you've read the story of his heroic life! And on those two stumps he built two hands almost as good as the ones he had! He refused to be a thermometer of life—and became a thermostat! Why don't you?



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

LAST month you will remember I was day-dreaming about March not being far away. Yesterday, February 15th, I am quite sure we were all reminded of April. Sunday, the 14th and Monday, the 15th we were wearing our spring coats and taking them off the moment we got indoors anywhere. Then came last night's downpour and today's blizzard-like moist snow. What freak of nature may come next we cannot be sure, but certain it is that no one felt the need for leaving Chicago and going to Florida this winter. Why not save the expense and take a trip to Europe this summer? Radio commentators told us that Feb. 15, 1905 it was 15°

below zero in Chicago. This year it was 65° above zero on that day.

Last month I mentioned that one trip to Europe merely whetted the appetite for another such trip. And now, my dear friends, I admit to you that I have succumbed to the temptation and am reading the most fascinating book—not a new book by any means, but one which I was told was the finest book one could read about the trip I propose to take. It is entitled "An Italian Winter" by Thos. S. Brooks. It is delightful reading. I was reading the chapter on "Six Weeks in Taormina" (which is located on the eastern coast of Sicily) and on one
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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

MUCH argument and discussion has taken place down through the ages as to the teachings of Jesus. Controversies have arisen, divisions have been created, and not a little confusion resulted from the wide variety of interpretations which have been given to the Christ message. All of this confusion in this modern age could be, and should be eliminated.

The one place to which we must go for an answer as to what did Jesus teach, is to Jesus himself. The writers of his life and ministry upon earth have preserved for us these words which must be the source of our answer; Jesus spoke with simplicity, candor, directness and with greater understanding than any other teacher the world has ever known. And on all questions which involve his teaching, there can be found his direct and forceful words.

He stressed the importance of integrating life to the extent that the individual should develop into a vital personality, and that society should construct itself around his thesis of the supreme worth of individual personality. He subordinated any theological conception to an emphasis on individual and social idealism. He was

pre-eminently interested in this world becoming the kingdom of God, and that men, nations, empires, individuals and races should find that cooperative way to adequate living, a way which he lived and taught with a degree of perfection never yet achieved by another.

Jesus was not a literalist, neither was he a theologian; his penetrating mind and unimpeachable ethical acuteness enabled him to see the moral issue involved in every situation. To him every problem of man or of society finally resolved itself into a moral problem.

His thought life was always of a superlative quality, his constant consideration was for the unfortunate, the underprivileged, the sinful, the broken hearted, and the weak. He saw through and beyond the reality of failure and sin into the possibilities of the human personality. By constantly keeping his mind on these levels and functioning on these altitudes, he became the personal embodiment of those constructive forces which make for the development of character and the perfection of the social order. By contemplating his life and example, our own will become transformed and victorious.

(Continued from page 12)

page Mr. Brooks describes the braying of the little donkeys that carry the tourists up the steep ascents around Taormina, Sicily, in an altogether fascinating and perfect manner, likening the sound to the steel mills of Pittsburgh. I could well appreciate his description. It so happens that after I had been working in a downtown office for a year or two, I had the opportunity of taking a trip to France and Spain. In the latter country I stayed on the dam site where my Uncle, Andrew J. Crawford, was superintending the construction of a great dam for the Pearson Company of England. The men all called him "El jefe con los guantes," (the boss with the gloves) for he always wore gloves at his work. My Uncle and Aunt had a neat little modern cottage out in the foothills of the Pyrenees, at the side of the Rio Rojo, across which the workmen had swung a pontoon bridge. There were olive trees brushing the front of the house and a small old Roman bridge crossed a narrow branch of the Red River a little below the cottage. One day I climbed a path made by the mountain goats which led to the tiny town of Talarn, at the top of a nearby hill and looked with a little bit of fear up the narrow cobbled street that led into this town. Nearby where I was standing, several women were on their knees, bent over a low, well-like reservoir of water, washing the family clothing on the rocks around its rim. I walked up the cobbled incline, came to the dead-end where the narrow street turned into the walled-up village, and feared to enter. Yet another day I wandered far from the camp up into the mountains in another direction, passing a bandit-like looking native on a lone mountain road, and though I feared him as I passed, I still walked onward alone,

for the spirit of adventure has always been strong within me.

When my Uncle heard of this "escapade" of mine, I was told in no uncertain terms that I must not do it again while I was there. That was my first realization of how beautifully unafraid young girls grew up in America. Never did the fact I had to go alone deter me if there was some place I wished to go. And never has harm come to me except harm of my own making.

Well, all this is not what I started out to say at all. However, in thinking of this experience I must tell you one more incident which I did not experience, but it was told to me by some young men on the job, who went strolling off into the mountains one Sunday. They came to a tiny tavern restaurant in the mountains and went in for some refreshments. There was one long table in the tiny, dark room. They all sat around it and the proprietor's wife brought in a long loaf of dark bread. This she nestled snugly under her left arm and, wielding a long knife in her right hand, she would deftly cut off a slice without injury to the side of her body, balance the slice of bread on the end of the knife and send that slice sailing down to the man at the end of the table, and so on around the board until every man had a slice of bread which had had a three-point landing in front of him on the table.

Now, what I started out to tell you was this: I knew so well what the braying of a tiny mountain donkey was like because every afternoon, as I was reading a book or writing letters out on the front porch of the little cottage, up the hill toward the house would come a file of little donkeys each with a burden of dynamite strapped tightly to his back. Just as

they came in view the leader was sure to stop, open his cavernous mouth and emit such a sound as Mr. Brooks describes in "An Italian Winter." I was reading it the other night before going to sleep and I laughed aloud with the joy of his description, as I so well remembered those little donkeys back in that summer in the Pyrenees.

I shall soon be returning my book to the library. You will only be able to find it there or in some secondhand book store, for it is out of print, but it is well worth a search.

Oh, yes. I am going, not only to Italy, but to Sicily as well, to France, and Switzerland and Germany, London, and home again. I had no idea of the wealth of history to be found on the Island of Sicily until I read Mr. Brooks' fascinating story. This time I am not setting out alone, but going with a tour, personally escorted by one who has taught history all his life. I expect to come home so full of knowledge and bringing so many pictures that it will take me all next winter to digest the knowledge, the pictures and the atmosphere which I shall experience. I had never realized that way back in the days of antiquity there was a land bridge all the way from Italy to Africa. It is said that ship passengers sailing southwest from Sicily can see ruins of buried cities below the water there. I know you will find this book "An Italian Winter," by Thomas S. Brooks very rewarding, providing you can find the book.

* * *

It is always so difficult to choose a few letters from the wealth of fine correspondence that overflows from the big, fat Mail Bag each month.

Surely our readers will enjoy one received by Dr. Bradley from Mr. Herbert S. Simpson, a member of the Church Board:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Several years ago I owned land in the North Woods of Wisconsin. We had our summer home up there—located superbly among the White and Norway virgin pines along beautiful Trout Lake. I smoke a pipe and always enjoyed sitting on our back steps, outside of a lighted screened-in porch after all the family had retired, just enjoying nature, which is my religion.

Late one night I sat on the steps in my favorite spot outside of the screened-in porch, thinking of all that had happened during the day and of how I loved animals almost better than people, when suddenly I felt something cuddling up against my leg. I looked and saw one of the biggest skunks I've ever seen, calmly resting on the step, evidently enjoying human contact. I just sat there while he went to sleep.

I didn't dare make a quick move, so I stayed there for an hour and wondered how long he would sleep. I could hear him breathing quietly, content with my companionship, as I was with the skunk's. Oh, yes, I knew his ability to spoil my clothes, if he felt the need to seek protection. Animals will seldom attack anyone unless they think they are in danger. So I sat next to him for what seemed a long time.

Finally I grew sleepy and decided, as much as I liked the skunk and he liked me, I had to go to bed. So, quietly and carefully I reached up to open the screen door, got it carefully opened, rose from the steps and went inside. My movements awakened my friend, who looked at me, stretched himself, apparently thinking "why not stay where you were," and finally ambled off into the darkness.

I have always found that animals are more friendly and trustworthy than

many human beings. While he was a wild animal—not a pet—yet he knew I would not harm him. So I think when people call someone a skunk they are using an incorrect term. Skunks are like most animals who want to be friendly if people will let them.

Sincerely,

Herbert S. Simpson.

I was reminded, when reading this letter, of Sam Campbell, the nature lover, and his pet skunk, named "Inky." I thought our readers would enjoy this homey little nature talk. It's as restful as the woods themselves. The letter was mailed from Camelback Inn, Phoenix, Arizona.

* * *

Some time ago Mr. Finney Briggs received a letter from his mother which, though she is quite mature in years, showed so much vitality and vigor, that he sent it to Dr. Bradley. We published it in the *Liberalist*. The results of that were far-reaching, as evidenced by this quote from a letter Mr. Briggs recently received from his mother, from Sioux Falls, South Dakota:

My Dear Ones:

Tuesday, at Study Club, I had the surprise and thrill of my life. For roll call, Mrs. Findley, a former Chicago teacher, read a letter published in "The *Liberalist*," Dr. Preston Bradley's magazine, and lo—it was *your* letter to him, enclosing mine, with a favorable comment of theirs. It made me very happy, not that it was in the magazine, but that you felt as you did and gave expression to it. The club women responded with the heartiest applause I ever heard them give.

You see, Mrs. Findley had a friend visiting her from Chicago who, noticing the Sioux Falls address, brought the magazine, October number, and asked if she knew a Mrs. Briggs here.

If she hadn't I would never have known about the letter. She gave me the magazine afterward.

Mr. Briggs, in writing about his mother's letter said:

"To have a tribute to her read to her entire Study Club—to which she has belonged for 40 years or more—must have been an experience. She was the more surprised because I never wrote her about sending it to you. In fact, I had forgotten all about it.

"All I could think of was the Shakespearean line—'How far that little candle sheds its beam!'

"Thank you for making her happy."

When sending the first letter from his Mother, Mr. Briggs had spoken in very glowing terms about her and her fine spirit. We can well imagine how it warmed her heart to have her son's fine opinion of her read to her old friends of many years' standing.

* * *

Dr. Bradley is always interested in reading the names in the Guest Register which is in the lobby of the church. The register rests on the pulpit from which he preached his first sermon for the Peoples Church. People from all over the United States and from many foreign countries register their names there. Wishing to hear from some of the listeners and curious to know where they might be listening, Dr. Bradley offered, on a recent Sunday, to send one of his books to the one who might be listening to him from the greatest distance away. A couple in Franklin, North Carolina, won the book, and wrote Dr. Bradley as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We are certainly very grateful for your book, "New Wealth For You," and assure you that it has brought many new inspirations to us.

You might be interested to know

that we enjoyed listening to your last church broadcast, which was on Lincoln, Sunday, February 7th, and were so surprised at hearing our names mentioned as the farthest listener.

Allow us to enclose a small contribution to your worthy cause, which certainly has brought us already a wealth of inspiration over the past years.

Very sincerely yours,
Mr. and Mrs. George Noetel.

* * *

Jennie Peterson, of North Sheridan Road, writes a letter enclosing a contribution to the church:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Please accept the enclosed check as my small contribution to your wonderful work.

Many, many years ago you took some boys from Presbyterian Church on Sheffield Ave. to your farm in Linden, Mich. One of them was my brother Bill. He is now living in California and I hope to be with him this winter.

* * *

The sweet note below came from Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Jones:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was unable to attend church this morning, so want you to know I heard every word through my radio. Now I may not be the nearest in distance, but I do want to be one of the nearest in heart. We love you and June very dearly.

We get so much good from your sermons. I always say to Dad, "My, if people would only take what he tells them and live it, this would be a better world. You certainly help us to keep our thoughts high, and to know that God is ever present, everywhere, and if we trust Him we have nothing to fear. We both love good and try always to be kind and loving

to all. In that way of living we feel we stay closer to God. He is our refuge and strength in time of trouble. It made us very happy when you came to see me, and we were very grateful for all the loving and prayerful thoughts from the church and clubs. We will try to so live as to be worthy of such goodness. I am very thankful to God to be able to use my fingers and hand enough to write. So now, God bless thee with blessings beyond hope or thought,

With blessings which no word can find.

Sincerely yours,
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Jones.

* * *

From Glendale, California, came the kind of word Dr. Bradley is always very gratified to hear:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Eight years ago today you graciously united my beloved wife, Kay, and myself in marriage, at your home, with Mr. and Mrs. Les Petersen as witnesses. You did a good job, and we've been very happy, even through a series of unheralded adversities; yet we are humbly grateful for all our countless blessings.

God bless you and yours.

Most sincerely,
K. and R. K. Russell.

* * *

And here is a similar and extremely interesting one:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I know when you marry two young people it is your hope and prayer all will go well and they will be happy. On December 13, 1952, you married our daughter, Charity, and Henry Shulman, a Jewish boy and double amputee, and when you left that night, you said to my husband, "Your daughter surely has a lot of courage."

We were skeptical too, but I want you to know they are unusually happy,

have just moved into a new home they had built in Phoenix, Arizona, and are expecting a baby in June.

My husband and I spent several weeks with them in February of last year, and this past November, when my husband passed on, they were here for several weeks with me.

We are very fond of Henry, as he seems to have an inner something that appeals to all people. I guess Charity knew that when she married him.

I'm still grateful to you for taking time from your busy schedule to marry them. I listened to "Are You a Thermometer or a Thermostat." Your sermons are always good.

Sincerely,

Mabel I. Milligan.

* * *

Dear Reverend Walter Henry Macpherson, Minister Emeritus of The Universalist Church, of Joliet, Illinois, writes such a lovely and appreciative letter:

My Dear Preston:

I often think of advice beloved Jenkin Lloyd Jones gave me about looking out for health, because, as he said, you will not know how to preach before you are 50, and if you are not well no one will want you.

Fortunately for us who are fortunate enough to hear you, you have taken care of yourself, and while you were always a good speaker, you have become in these later years one of the greatest preachers of the Liberal Church throughout the world.

I submit there is a difference and a great one between being an interesting and inspiring speaker, and being A Great Preacher.

How I wish more of our people could hear you "face to face," so to speak. Universalists and Unitarians especially need the challenge of your presence in the flesh.

One of these days I hope I shall be able to make the journey to Chicago and feel the pulsations of the great audience facing you on Sundays.

Universally yours,

Walt.

Surely, from one's colleague, this must be praise that is greatly appreciated by Dr. Bradley. I felt the letter should be shared with his readers.

* * *

Some of Dr. Bradley's listeners may get a new idea from the next letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

In listening to your sermon of yesterday, you asked that people who thought they were living the furthest away write to you and you would send them an autographed copy of your book.

I realize that Holland, Michigan, is not the nearest nor the furthest from the Peoples Church, but I perhaps have the most unique way of listening to your service.

When I am in Chicago on Sunday I never fail to attend Peoples Church and very few Sundays do I fail to listen to you over the air and, needless to say, I enjoy the services very much.

I am a member of the Hope Reformed Church of Holland and our services are conducted about the same time as the Peoples Church in Chicago. For this reason, and because I miss many other programs due to other commitments and engagements, I have purchased a tape recorder and an automatic time clock to operate it. In this manner I not only hear your service every Sunday but also the other programs which I record. Yesterday when I returned home it was only necessary for me to turn on my recorder and listen to your service.

Nothing was said in your service yesterday of receiving a book for the most unique plan of listening and

whether or not I warrant a book, I wanted you to know that I enjoy your service every Sunday and I think the Peoples Church is doing an excellent work.

Sincerely,

P. H. Frans,
Holland Electric Supply Co.,
Holland, Michigan.

Dr. Bradley sent Mr. Frans an autographed copy of his book "New Wealth For You," and in thanking him for it, Mr. Frans wrote further:

"You stated in your broadcast of two weeks ago, that if someone was listening, who would care to send along a recorder, you would appreciate receiving one.

"If you have not already received a recorder, and would like one, and would have need for one, I should be very pleased to send you a Revere, like the one I use to record your sermons every Sunday morning, as my donation to you and the Peoples Church. I have found in experimenting with several makes of recorders that the new model 'Revere' with the built-in radio does a magnificent job, and I have adopted it for my own use. I would also be pleased to send you a time-clock such as I use, so that you would be able to record any program at any

time without the necessity of your being present.

"And so, Dr. Bradley, if you wish a Recorder, kindly drop me a note to that effect, and I will see to it that one is immediately forthcoming."

So it is plain to see, some very generous people listen to Dr. Bradley's broadcast, and Dr. Bradley is looking forward with keen anticipation to experimenting with the recorder and being able to hear himself speak once in awhile, when there is time.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our Manager of the Warden Hotel, in Fort Dodge, Iowa—Mr. Donald J. Macrae—has given me a most pleasurable job—sending you a credit card of our hotels. This seems like such a small gesture compared to the many pleasant moments you have given me while listening to your inspiring talks.

With the enclosed card I send you a very sincere "Thank You" for the benefits I have received from listening to you.

Sincerely yours,

Edward A. Boss,
President, Boss Hotels,
Des Moines, Iowa.

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!



BOOK CHATS

THE letter that came with the book read, "Dear Dr. Bradley: As I promised at the Midland Authors meeting yesterday, here is my book, 'So Much to Learn,' about how much I had to learn as a father about my child. After our discussion of fathers and young men, I hope you find this story of a father's view of child care interesting, and useful. And

I hope you enjoy it! It was good to see you again and to recall our meetings when I was a kid in Gary. Sincerely, Gilbert Laue."

I opened the book and began reading at random here and there. I discovered that no matter where I read, it was delightful, sprightly, lively, written with a light, true touch with a chuckle behind every line. One will not

have to be a parent to enjoy this book. It will be delightful reading from anyone's viewpoint. I can't imagine anyone being too sour an individual to unbend and chuckle at the bringing up of the Laue baby by little John's Dad, Gilbert Laue. For that is what the book is about.

Gilbert Laue's young wife was a talented lawyer. Gilbert was a freelance writer. His work could be done at home, his wife's couldn't. They were certain that a smart young lawyer could probably earn a more steady income than even the most talented writer. So when the problem arose of who was to stay at home to care for their infant son John—it was decided that Father would. And there and then the fun began.

This is a family book, and is more than a delightful and amusing story of a father's awkwardness with diapers, cleaning women, morning bottles and naps, etc. It is the loving story of a young family growing up, teaching each other the simple wonders of the world about them and of the joys and sorrows and companionships of family living. You will laugh over the book and enjoy reading it aloud, to anyone who has been or is a father, mother, son, daughter, grandmother, or grandfather. It is warm and rich and alive and will be remembered with affection for a long time.

Arthur Frederic Otis, who last April reviewed the book in the Sunday Tribune, said that he was once the father of a little boy and he would give much to have read "So Much to Learn" at that time. If ever you look at the picture of the Laue family on the back outer jacket, you will want to read the book, especially when you get a look at little John's grinning countenance.

No quotations could do the book

justice. You start to quote only to find you cannot stop quoting. The illustrations by Tom O'Sullivan are important for they are so in keeping with the spirit of the story.

The day the two grandmothers arrived at the little three and a half room apartment at the same time that the cleaning woman was there, and the day that John's Aunt Laura arrived when he was helping a woman writer-friend with a story, were two complications that called for quite a bit of talent in diplomacy on Gilbert's part.

Gilbert Laue has said of the book, "I have tried to tell a story about love—its tremendous importance to all of us, especially to the young. I have tried to look into what love means—and demands—24 hours a day, at breakfast and dinner and lunch, at bathtime and naptime and playtime. I enjoyed writing it. I hope you enjoy reading it." And you will!

* * *

"THE GOD IN YOU" by Kermit Eby, has recently come from the Chicago University Press, and is dedicated "To all those who, during the course of my life, helped me to find the God in my fellow-men."

Reinhold Niebuhr says, in his foreword to the book, "Kermit Eby's life combines, in an almost ideal manner, Christian piety and vigorous social concern. His book, THE GOD IN YOU, tells in a charming and moving fashion the many things he has done as union organizer, ordained preacher, and university professor. More significantly, he shows how his action in pursuance of the good life for himself and his fellowmen has been based upon the simple faith of a Brethren pietist: that there is dignity and impetus to social action in the belief that we are all sons of God.

"THE GOD IN YOU, to Kermit

Eby, means literally what it says. He is not concerned with exercises in mysticism. He has written an inspirational book, a book that shows in simple fashion how a belief in God can inform the action of every man for the benefit of all men. This is a book that all can read for its biographical interest, its message of faith, and its call to work for the improvement of community and society."

The book is interesting because it is autobiographical. Kermit Eby, the author, is known to social, labor, religious, and educational organizations—as well as to many thousands who have heard him speak—as a man whose life combines Christian piety and vigorous social concern. He has written a book which shows how belief in God can become a genuine source of individual and social improvement.

Mr. Eby puts the key to the powers of God, available to us for the working-out of a better world, in our hands. He shows how God exists in each of us, and how, through Him, we can accomplish the ends of peace on earth and good will to men. The book catches the humor, the bigness, the sadness, and the majesty of life in America.

Mr. Eby has taught in every grade from the one-room school to the graduate school. He was born in St. Joseph County, Indiana. He is Professor in the Division of Social Sciences at the University of Chicago. He was educated at Wakarusa High School, Manchester College, and the University of Chicago. He writes frequently for *Christian Century*, *The School Board Journal*, *Labor and Nation*, and many other journals. The book has roots in his Indiana childhood, in his experience as a Brethren preacher, as a teacher, and as a union organizer.

The book is in four parts: *The Power of Love—The Power of Aspira-*

tion—The Power of Brotherhood and The Power of Truth.

You will sympathize with the 12-year-old boy in the Baugo community in Indiana, who, when a very unpleasing (to him) evangelist tried to get him to join the Brethren, replied: "Where I spend eternity is my own business!" and ran from the room. The following year a young red-haired Irishman was the visiting evangelist at the time of the Love Feast. He helped young Eby with the farm chores, he liked to wrestle and box, was a basketball fan, and they became good friends. So that year, without any overt solicitation on the young Irishman's part, Kermit Eby joined the Dunker brethren. "There were many influences acting to help me make up my mind," says Mr. Eby. "—my desire to please my parents, my urge to be approved and accepted in our small community, and the obvious advantage of escaping the nuisance of constant public calls to repentance. Still I think none of these finally tipped the scales in my decision. Brother McFadden had succeeded in feeling as I did long enough to get me to feel as he did. This was the charm that worked. He offered the example of a man who was worth imitating—I admired a man who could pitch hay like an expert—but that was not all. His faith was contagious. I caught the feeling of dedication to brotherhood from him."

The book is written in a clear and straightforward manner, intelligently and interestingly. It holds the attention. It poses the question of where we can stand in a matter of deciding between our principles and the many questions that we face in our everyday world. It's a good book for everyone to read and ponder over.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY

- 1—WGN-TV-9.
- 3—Two Services. Peoples Church.
Mlle. Hausknacht, from Lambarene, Africa, gave illustrated talk on Dr. Albert Schweitzer's work.
- 4—Address. Chicago Board of Education, for Graeme Stewart School.
WGN-TV-9.
Two Funerals.
Address. Woman's Club. Peoples Church.
- 5—WGN-TV-9.
Two Funerals.
Conference, Elks plan, re Juvenile Delinquency.
- 6—WGN-TV-9.
Book lecture. Peoples Church.
- 7—WGN-TV-9.
Luncheon at Casino Club.
- 8—WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Address. Toman Library Forum.
- 9—Luncheon. Casino Club.
- 10—Two services. Peoples Church.
Wedding.
- 12—Funeral.
Address Midland Authors
Club Ricardo's Symposium.
Address. Annual Meeting,
Soil Conservation District,
Morocco, Indiana.
- 13—Address. Borrowed Time Club,
First Presbyterian Church,
Oak Park, Illinois.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
- 14—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library.
Wedding.
- 15—Christening.
Attended reception to Berkeley
E. F. Gage, C.M.G., British
Consul General, newly appointed
Ambassador to Thailand.
Address. Annual Reunion of the "54."
Izaak Walton League of America.
- 16—Address. Friends of Drama Birthday
Luncheon.
- 17—Two Services. Peoples Church.
Attended concert of Arthur Giesekeing.
Civic Opera House.
- 18—Editorial work in Study.
- 19—Address. First Congregational Church,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
- 20—Funeral.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
- 21—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library.
Funeral.
- 22—Funeral.
Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Attendance at Peoples Church,
Lecture of Paul Eitel (illustrated)
- 24—Two services. Peoples Church.
Address. Annual Breakfast,
Swedish Club.
- 25—WGN-TV-9.
Address. Chamber of Commerce
Dinner, Community Building,
Fremont, Michigan.
- 26—WGN-TV-9.
- 27—Two Funerals.
WGN-TV-9.
Book Review. Peoples Church.
- 28—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library.
WGN-TV-9.
Address. Jasper County Soil
Conservation District.
Elementary School,
Renssalaer, Indiana.
- 29—WGN-TV-9. Earl Nightingale Show.
WGN-TV-9. Dr. Bradley Telecast.
Wedding.
- 30—Three weddings.
Funeral.
- 31—Two services. Peoples Church.
In evening, Dr. D. G. Vinod, of Poona
University, India.

WEDDINGS

- 10—Christine Martin and Thomas Fallbacher
- 14—Evelyn Goers and Clark Kellogg
- 29—Shirley Lipman and Sherman J. Edelman
- 30—Mrs. Tresa Meyer and Leon Strauss
Velda Marchant and Peter V. Darling
Irene Kozian and Leon Sandberg

FUNERALS

- 4—Mrs. Hilda Shircliffe
Mrs. Elizabeth Landis
- 5—Samuel J. Robinson
Dr. Robert Metz
- 8—Mrs. Otilie Kubalek
- 12—Charles H. Howse
- 20—Robert D. Stanton
- 21—Winifred C. Bullock, Miss
- 22—Thomas M. Dart
- 27—Emil Rasmussen
Walter C. Hansen
- 30—John A. Patton

CHRISTENINGS

- 15—Mrs. Hortense Hansa Jungwirth

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Ronald Walrath, Director, Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast. Question Box..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—

Monday, March 1st, International Relations Department..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, March 15th, Legislation Department..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, March 29th, Civilian Defense, Travel Adventures, Mrs. F. C. Klemp.. 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, March 23rd, Program to be announced..... 8:00 p.m.

(Men's Club meeting night has been changed from 4th Monday to 4th Tuesday of the month)

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Tuesday, March 9th..... 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Players Drama Tea—Sunday, March 14, Anderson Hall..... 4:00 p.m.

Presenting Edith Mason in "Memoirs of a Prima Donna"

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium—New Members

Welcomed 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, Uptown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO AND TV SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service.....11:00 a.m.—12:00 noon

WGN—Every weekday 9:45 a.m.

WGN-TV—Channel 9—Every weekday.....12:45 p.m.

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